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[From Cocks's Musical Miscellany.]

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

This distinguished artist and great composer had the good fortune to be born in circumstances which removed him from those sinister influences so often found to check or pervert the full and rational development of talent. He was the son of a rich merchant and banker, at Hamburg, and was born in that city on the 3d of February, 1809. Besides being thus favorably placed, Felix Mendelssohn entered upon the breathing world encircled with the aureola of ancestral renown. He was the grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, a light of philosophy and science, as well as one of the most brilliant exponents of Jewish literature—whose name, moreover, is connected with music by more than one æsthetic disquisition in the course of his profound and varied works; among which, if we recollect, is to be found a treatise on "equal temperament."

The early development of the musical faculty in the young Felix Mendelssohn forces him into a comparison with the precocious Mozart; but his more fortunate position saved him from the many evils resulting from the premature drudgery of public display.

His earliest musical instructor was the natural guardian of his infancy—his mother; and on his father removing to Berlin, when Felix was but four years old, the child was placed under the

musical tuition of another lady, Madame Bigot, to whose enlightened and affectionate care Mendelssohn was always proud to own his obligation. At this period, he was frequently accompanied by the witcheries of Bailleu's violin. In tracing the progress of his perfect and well-conducted musical education, due weight should be allowed to these favoring circumstances, from which the future composer, no doubt, derived much of the faultless expression, the tenderness, and the playful gaiety with which his works overflow.

At the age of eight years, he was esteemed amongst his friends a minute prodigy—and not without reason. He could then play at sight the most intricate scores of Bach, and, without premeditation, transpose Cramer's exercises into all sorts of keys. He also evinced a wonderful faculty in extemporizing upon a given theme. At this period, he was put under the care of the severe and methodical Zelter, the contrapuntist, while his practice on the piano was directed by the romantic Louis Berge, whose enthusiastic nature set its stamp upon the susceptible heart of the incipient musician.

Zelter was not the man to give ready way to fervid impressions, yet the extent to which "his glorious boy," as he called him, had wound himself round his rigid affections, is manifest from the eagerness with which the professor desired to introduce his pupil to the "great man" of Germany, Goethe. When Sir Walter Scott, in his latter days, met Goethe, the eyes of Europe were fixed with intense interest on their interview. But here we have to tell of the mighty German genius permitting the introduction of a child of twelve years. Zelter, writing to Goethe, in 1821, tells him—"I desire to show your face to my favorite pupil before I die." Upon the circle which surrounded Goethe as its centre, the young musician made a profound impression, winning, at the same time, the affection of all, by his boyish openness mingled with those little *espiegleries* which belonged to the pupil of Madame Bigot, and the spoiled child of his mamma. It was on one of these occasions that he stopped in the midst of the performance of a Fugue of Bach. His quick and delicate ear was offended by an informality in the score. He insisted that there were consecutive fifths. Hummel was present, and was lost in astonishment upon discovering that the passage actually contained "covered fifths," which had hitherto escaped detection. Hummel's wonderful performance on the piano-forte made a deep impression upon young Mendelssohn, so much so, that he burst into tears when once asked to play after him.

Felix had composed several works for the piano; but it was not till in 1824 that he appeared as a writer before the public. In that year were published two Quartets for violin, tenor, violoncello, and piano (Op. 1), the young author being then not fifteen years old. These were followed by a Grand Duo in F minor, for piano and violin; a Quartet in B minor; and several other works. Among others, the Opera named "Die Hochzeit

des Camachos." The last-named opera, in three acts, was performed in Berlin, but without any remarkable manifestation of public approval.

Before his father would allow him to devote himself to music as his profession, he took him to Paris to consult the then aged Cherubini. The ordeal proposed by that consummate musician to test the proficiency of the aspirant was the composition of a Kyrie for chorus and full orchestra, which was accomplished to the perfect satisfaction of the renowned judge. This decision it was which gave to the world its future Mendelssohn. Animated by this encouragement, he resumed his studies under his former esteemed masters, and successively produced the works from Op. 5 to Op. 12; besides several Quartets, and an Octett. About this period he made the acquaintance of Moscheles; and, as early as 1827, was performed in public that charming production of his pen—"The Midsummer Night's Dream," (*Der Sommernachtstraum*).*

But it was in England that his most brilliant successes were to be won; and in the hearts of Englishmen that his talent was to be lastingly enshrined. Through the mediation of Ignace Moscheles, the banded artists of the Philharmonic Society extended to the talented stranger the right hand of friendship—and, in the year 1829, Mendelssohn was in London, and at once understood and cordially responded to that applauding sympathy which the performance of his works, by the Philharmonic Society, evoked, and which forever bound him to this hospitable soil. The splendor of his reception in England gave him an extemporaneous fame throughout Europe. In 1831, we find him at Rome, where the "Walpurgisnacht" of his early friend, Goethe, occupied his eminently artistic pen. There also he pieced together the inspirations which he had previously conceived amongst the basaltic caverns of the Western Isles of Scotland, and the romantic "Hall of Fingal" was the result. This Overture was performed in London, in 1832. While at Rome, also, he struck into a new line of composition, altogether his own, in those matchless "*Lieder ohne Worte*," which prove, beyond denial, that music has its poetry, as well as poetry its music. His agreeable exterior, his cultivated intelligence, and the independence of his position, made him to be everywhere received with distinction. And on his second visit to London, in 1832, he found himself quite identified with the artistic monde of that capital.

In the meantime he had travelled in the combined quality of tourist and musician, through Scotland, France, Germany and Italy; and, after four years' improving and ennobling absence, he returned to Berlin; but not to make that home of his boyhood his exclusive residence. "In 1834," says M. Fétis, "I found him again at Aix-la-Chapelle, whither he had betaken himself on the

* This must mean the overture, which he composed in 1825, at the age of sixteen. The other portions of that music were produced many years later.—Ed.

occasion of the Musical Fête of the Pentecost. He was then twenty-five years of age; his former youthful timidity had given place to the assurance of the acknowledged artist, and even to a certain air of *hauteur*. Until 1836, he continued to direct the fêtes at Dusseldorf and Cologne; and then retired, in consequence of his finding it impossible to keep in accordance with the artists and amateurs of Dusseldorf, where he resided. During this year, he spent a considerable time at Frankfurt; and while there he married.

Throughout the period of his celebrity, he was not only distinguished for his compositions, but universally run after as a performer. Language was exhausted of its tropes and figures in the fruitless attempt to describe his unsurpassed excellence as a pianist; and the churches were invaded by crowds, who thronged the aisles when he was expected to play on the organ. In a word, the only thing he could not do on the organ was to "play the congregation out." The more effectively he played, the more fixed the congregation remained—the more artistically persuasive his intonation to depart, the more determined were they not to go; and an instance is on record, how once, at St. Paul's Cathedral, the vergers, impatient to clear the church and get their supper, managed to give an effectual blow to the energy of the performer by surreptitiously stopping the bellows.

It was, possibly, his transcendent skill as an executant that led to the notion, about this time generally received, that Mendelssohn was deficient in genius—the possession of the lower faculty being taken as a negation of the higher. It is possible, moreover, that the strict and formal discipline of the erudite Zelter had swathed the infant mind of his pupil in bands of rigid form, which retarded its development; yet, perhaps, only to render its maturity more beautiful and perfect. However this may be, Mendelssohn was spoken of as a distinguished talent rather than as possessing a name likely to rank with Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart. In reference to this opinion, M. Fétis has the following remarks:—

"The childhood of M. Mendelssohn gave birth to the hope that we should see another great musician in Germany; his earliest works gave indication of more talent than it is usual to find in youth, but did not seem to realize the qualities of genius which were supposed to be in him. There were, however, even in 1830, tendencies to originality in his productions, particularly in the Overture of the Midsummer Night's Dream, which I heard at Paris; but it was easy to see that they were rather the fruits of research and labor, than of inspiration. Since then the artist has been continually growing; and his manner has developed every day more individual qualities. His Concerto in G minor for the piano-forte, his Octet, and, above all, his Oratorio of 'St. Paul,' are works of *grande portée*. Among his most beautiful compositions are also mentioned the Cantata which he wrote for the anniversary fête of Albert Durer; another composed for the fête given by M. Alexandre de Humboldt to the naturalists assembled at Berlin; and also his 'Walpurgis Night,' on the poem of Goethe; also a Symphony for the fête of the Reformation, which has been performed at many of the great musical re-unions. M. Mendelssohn shows at once fecundity and much ease in the composition of his works. The 'St. Paul' seems to me to be that which affords most hope for his *avenir*. In that piece he has found means to unite the classical qualities of the best masters of the German school with a certain boldness of good augury. In fine, this young artist (M. Mendelssohn has not reached his thirty-first year) is incontestably, up to this day, the musician who affords most hope to Germany, and comprises in himself the future school of that country. Talent does not always manifest itself in the same way; and but few examples are known of that vigor of invention which burst forth with Rossini at the age of twenty; with others, and even with the impetuous Beethoven, originality was the force of meditation. The same phenomenon appeared in the talent of Gluck."

The prophetic spirit, gleaming through these judicious criticisms, was amply accredited by Mendelssohn's subsequent career, unhappily but too brief. In 1846 he completed, and, on the 26th of August, himself conducted at the Birmingham Festival, the Oratorio of "Elijah;" the reception of which left his warmest admirers nothing to desire.

But it was in the decrees of that unsearchable Providence, which often only shows us the highly gifted,

"— To mock our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain,"

that this star, the cynosure of all observers, should stoop to the horizon before it had reached its culminating point. During his last visit to England, the keen eye of anxious friendship might trace the secret ravages which the ethereal spirit within had made upon his delicately organized frame. He was for the most part invisible to the innumerable friendly inquirers, whom his celebrity brought about him, at No. 4 Hobart-place, Eaton-square, where he had fixed his temporary residence. So numerous, indeed, were the calls made upon him, that his old and faithful servant, in answer to an inquiry, exclaimed, "Ach! me almost run down—dere be so many visitors."

The honors which were accumulated upon him were oppressive to the constant sense of fatigue which possessed him. To a young friend, who begged him to play after the triumphant conclusion of the Birmingham Festival, he replied mournfully—even with tears—in expressive, but imperfect English, that he could not play—"write and practice too much," he continued, "no strength—cannot play;" and, placing his attenuated hand upon his pale forehead, exclaiming, "Oh, my head! my head!" he looked up to heaven, whither he was fast hastening. The abiding shadow of the unseen world was settling upon him.

In 1837, he had accepted the post of Director of the Concerts at Leipzig. In this city he continued to reside till his death, which happened on the 6th of November, 1847.

Thus, at the age of thirty-eight, died this great and accomplished man. In the early period of his decease, Mendelssohn strikingly resembles Mozart, who died in his thirty-sixth year. Of Mozart it cannot be said that he died prematurely. His faculty was developed with amazing rapidity; and, from the very early age at which he began to hold a place in public estimation, his artistic life was by no means short. Although a painful apprehension to the contrary embittered his last days, yet he lived long enough for fame. Not so with Mendelssohn. However extended his mortal span might have been, his fine talent would have continued, in all probability, to unfold and discover fresh beauties as long as his natural faculties were perfect. He died in the period of full promise, withered in the spring-time of his genius.

NIELS W. GADE. Mr. Chorley, by way of appendix to the strictures, which we copied last week, upon Schumann and Wagner, speaks (more hopefully than he did eight years ago in the *Foreign Quarterly*) of the Danish composer:

Though together with Herren Schumann and Wagner I speak of Herr Gade as a composer whose works are well received by a selection of the musical public in Germany, it is not because his spirit is akin to theirs. He belongs to the romantic school, it is true; but he has some real claims. These reside in a certain national individuality which (to speak fantastically) is in harmony with the snows and the glittering and the glancing meteors of the North. An ear of ordinary delicacy must be made aware by hearing Herr Gade's music that its composer is neither German nor French. But though pure, wild, and strange, it is apt to be monotonous. The pleasure decreases as the work goes on; even as a few pages of Ossian are found enough to satisfy the least blasé and most dreamy of readers. In the prelude to his overture, *Im Hochland*, a delicious,

almost crystalline sound is got from the orchestra, which well befits the form of the phrase. The *allegro* begins brightly enough, still, wild and northern in its tone of gaiety. But the charm wears out, the spirit flags, and the expectation raised by so sweetly strange an invitation is followed by disappointment. A similar result was produced by a *Sonata* for piano-forte and violin, in A minor, commencing with exquisite delicacy, but falling off in interest as the composition proceeds. It is said that in his later works, Herr Gade has succeeded in emancipating himself from the limits and seductions of his nationality to a considerable extent. I cannot, however, help fancying that a composer who has begun in a tone so decided and peculiar, must possibly always belong to that body of national musicians of which Chopin may be called the brightest illustration, and to which Mr. Erke, and M. Glinka belong, and not to that higher company of Palestrinas, Mozarts, Bachs, Handels, and Beethovens, who speak to all countries. Be his future what it may, however, Herr Gade is certainly one of the few rising musicians to be looked out and listened for by all who take a natural and healthy interest in Art as proceeding by development, not by destruction.

Stanzas from the German.

My heart, I bid thee answer—
How are Love's marvels wrought?
"Two hearts to one pulse beating,
Two spirits to one thought."
And tell me how love cometh?
"It comes—unsought—unsent!"
And tell how love goeth?
"That was not love that went!"

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Translated from the German of E. Ortlepp, by H. Kreissmaun.

I. THE WALK.

On a beautiful evening in spring, a gray-haired old man walked in silence through the solitary fields. Sometimes, as if in deep meditation, he would stop, and then again, with head bowed down, would sit, lost, as it were, in dreamy reverie. His soul was indeed filled with a deep grief, to which he in vain sought to give utterance. He longed once more for the unattained aspirations of youth, all that he had sighed for, yearned for, but never possessed. Bitter, scalding tears trickled down his withered cheek. His heart was full of sorrow, and yet the world greeted him with its beauty; the sunset shone with mellow rosy light upon the earth; all around him seemed full of life and bloom; full of peace and joy; he alone was sad—sad even to death.

Years had passed since he had heard the song of the cuckoo or the nightingale, his favorites. Around him were a thousand happy sounds, of birds, of brooks and rustling trees, the chiefest joy of all creation to his music-loving ears, but long since shut out from him forever—for BEETHOVEN was deaf—and thus, cut off from the cheering voice of nature, he stood apart also from the sympathy of his fellow men; there were none to understand his raptures or pity his woes. The beloved, who had betrayed him, rose up before his mind, and his heart writhed with the bitter remembrance. The images of friends glided past him, but how few were they, while of those who had wounded his inmost soul, how great was the number!—He beheld the rich and the powerful, who could not appreciate his merit;—he saw them pass him with proud indifference, or gaze on him with vague curiosity. He saw extended before him the city that did not value his works, that so unfeelingly suffered the immortal genius within him to be a prey to the mean and earthly cares of a joyless existence. Then bitter indignation seized him; anger and hatred mingled in fearful discord with his gentler feelings; he clenched his fists; curses were on his tongue, and his otherwise mild and loving heart boiled and heaved like a volcano pregnant with destruction and ruin.

He thought of his childhood, when he suffered cruelly even at the hands of his father, but thought also of his tender mother, loving him with all a mother's fervor, and her memory fell like a ray from heaven upon the darkness of his soul. He recalled the gloomy hours, when conscious of his future greatness, unnoticed and unknown, he wept in solitude and struggled against maddening despondency; but the glowing light of evening recalled also those happy moments when, on the pinions of artistic inspiration, he soared above the dust of earthly splendor and of earthly misery.

He beheld the forms of his heartless persecutors moving by him with scornful laugh, saying of the holiest and most divine effusions of his noble mind—"an insipid nothing;" but the revered image, too, of "Father Haydn," rose before him in all his joyous, loving nature, full of friendly, smiling geniality—and then his heart melted in soft emotions.

He sat, deeply wrapt in these dreams. Before his glowing imagination floated a thousand joyful images—and when he raised his eyes—lo! it was indeed no delusion, for before him, in the radiant glow of evening, gazing at him with loving eyes, stood "Father Haydn."

"Dost thou descend from the regions above," he said, addressing the radiant image, "Dost thou approach to summon me to that realm for which my weary, shattered soul has pined so long?"

"Alas! poor soul, glorious and lofty genius, thou sublime master," replied Haydn, with a gentle smile, "why art thou so sad? If I were indeed to announce to thee the hour of thy departure—behold me in blissful joy!—wouldst thou not gladly follow me? Hast thou not reached thine aim? An aim that makes all earthly glory blush! Dost thou not still remember what I once said to thee—*Could I but begin anew, I would create works of quite another stamp, worlds of harmonies never yet heard or dreamt of!* This was reserved for thee! My prophecy is fulfilled in thy works, and thou canst now with joyous pride depart to a higher immortality, where thy crown shall have no thorns."

"But yet one thing weighs heavily on my heart," sadly replied the other, "I cannot depart in peace until I shall have sung my swan-song. It may cost my life, but then I will gladly go hence."

"Thus it is decreed to thee," said Haydn, solemnly, "I announce it to thee, thou shalt not live to see another spring, but then thou shalt dwell above the stars, thou shalt revel in delight over thine own symphonies, that have been dead to thine ears so long. Thou shalt listen to the melodious tones of a divine language as thou dost now listen to me."

"Oh! what bliss," cried the other in ecstasy, "that a higher, a miraculous power thus enables me to hear the tones of thy voice. Think, O exalted friend, how could a fate more wretched have befallen me? But alas, answer me once more, shall I indeed finish my 'swan-song,' ere I go hence?"

"Thou shalt, and for a thousand years it shall be heard. I consecrate thee, and endow thee with strength from heaven, that thy last creation may contain all that as yet has lain unuttered in the inmost depths of thy soul; that it may be a revelation of thy holiest self; at first, rejected and not understood, it shall gradually be comprehended and wondered at; then, later, entirely appreciated and loved, until it is finally praised and admired without limit forever! And now, farewell, we soon shall meet again!"

The vision vanished. Had an excited imagination conjured it up before him in his solitude, or was it a reality? He suddenly felt his genius awakening within him as if from a long slumber; his eye glanced wildly at the vault of heaven; flashes, as of lightning, shot across his mind; his whole being was in tumultuous emotion. He snatched the paper from his breast and wrote hurriedly a few notes; A minor—anxious and suspended emotion—trembling expectation.

"Gloomy again," he exclaimed, "I wished indeed to sing of joy that soars above sorrow,—and still I feel that this is my true and long-sought beginning."

He cast an anxious look upon the little sheet, and returned it to his breast with others that he had in like manner enriched with musical ideas. Suddenly an inward emotion overpowered him and falling upon his knees and convulsively clasping his hands, lifting up his moist eyes to heaven, he exclaimed—

"Oh God! grant me my hearing—grant once more, but for a few moments—that I may hear! It is only thus that I can do it! therefore I entreat thee, O my God, I beseech thee ardently, grant me this one prayer; let my ears once more drink in the voices of the spring!"

And he heard the voices of the spring; enraptured, he wished to rise, but his emotion was too powerful, he sank upon his knees again as if in prayer.

He listened to the rustling trees, and the joyous warbling of a thousand birds; he drank in the deep-drawn melancholy notes of the nightingale and the voice of the merry cuckoo from the neighboring forest; with increasing rapture he heard the murmuring of many brooks, the roaring of the waterfall, and the sound of distant thunder. With these mingled in his ears the burring hum of insects, the waving of the corn-fields around him, and the clarionet of the solitary shepherd, piping with sweet and mellow notes, the divine choral:

"Rejoice greatly, O my soul!"

Still upon his knees, he joined softly in the choral, whilst the tears poured down his cheeks with joy and thankfulness. The theme he had so long sought now at last unfolded itself,—*The glorious hymn of joy.*

And now, again, these moments of bliss have vanished; the melodies of nature's sublime music have died away in softer and softer echoes upon his ear. Joyless and soundless deafness is returned. All around him again is dead and silent.

II. THE CONCERT.

Strange indeed are the opinions that I have been compelled to hear of thy last, thy glorious work, immortal master, who hast in succession lifted me through all the heavens. Why should so many years pass by, during which thy mighty creation existed but in lifeless score? Why was there none to listen with enthusiastic devotion to thy most precious gift to the world? Why is it that till now I have never drunk in with rapturous astonishment the beauty of thy "swan-song"? Rise up, pale shadow, from thy grave! Let me embrace and thank thee for the happiest, the most exalted hour of my existence; to thee alone do I owe it!

How, even in the rehearsal, was I delighted, charmed by the unbroken chain of beauties! But at the concert, where the dawning glory shone out in full splendor, it was as the brightest day before me! Then was the mighty theme of the symphony no longer hidden. "*The joys of our existence pictured upon the gloomy shadows of our sorrows*;" a picture as of light dawning in upon us from a profound night of despair, void of all consolation.

Already had I beheld all the lovely magic forms, all the fearful demons conjured up by the spell of these enchanting harmonies, and now again were they to rise up before me in this exalted hour! With anxious, trembling motion the *Allegro ma non troppo, un poco maestoso* began. The second violins and violoncellos commenced pianissimo, their whispering of fifths running in double triplets, the horns sustained softly the chord, the first violins and the violas came in "sotto voce," with their mysterious passages, fifths everywhere darted forth like lightning from a threatening cloud, until at length the octave gains supremacy, and, in a passionate "unisono," modulates into the fearfully flashing chords in D minor, which seem to disclose to the astonished listener the boiling rage of inward despair.

Now the same play with fifths begins in D minor; but this time the "unisono" of the octaves changes into B flat major; thus we have, even in the beginning, the light and shade of the whole symphony; first, tormenting grief, succeeded forthwith by a victorious conquest over it. But

grief and sorrow rush in upon us in new gushes, until the wind instruments come in with their soft and heavenly modulations; violins, violas, and violoncellos mingling with them; abrupt, powerful chords in B flat major,—pure, living joy prevails, when the full orchestra unisono, in swelling waves of joy, concludes the first part of this movement.

The second part again begins in D minor, passes into D major, and changes with a wonderful effect into G minor. Sad modulations of the clarinets, oboes, and bassoons,—seeming as though it were the language of deep and melancholy grief, weeping over long past happy hours, strains in C and G minor, interwoven with the ground-theme, follow. In distorted mockery the bassoons repeat the deeply moving passages of the basses in B flat major. Alas, those sweet voices of consolation did not prove true, they did not fulfil what they promised. We behold all the ideal creations of our youth; they have become frightful caricatures. Then our strength fails, we cease to struggle on, we submit to grief, when we stand at the end of our years, when youth and friendship, love and all, all is gone, and we see nothing before us but the open grave.

What shall we say of the "Scherzo molto vivace?" Is it not redolent with life, is not the whole a web of striking individuality and surprising genius? We are at once swept along into the magic ring of a strange, dancing, tragi-comical joyfulness.

The second violins begin the theme pianissimo, the violas follow, succeeded by the basses; the stringed instruments sport with the melody; the wind instruments seem at first merely to look on, and in single notes to give vent to their astonishment. All at once the steady viola takes the flute, as it were by the hand, leading it along into the merry dance; the oboes follow, and, after a few hesitating measures, the whole orchestra, possessed by the seducing example, join in with the rest. All is joyous, fluent, natural, full of flexibility and sparkling wit. It is one of the loveliest, the most charming of Beethoven's creations. But if the Scherzo paints the dancing, laughing, sporting, life-stirring, and perhaps more sensual joy, the "*Adagio molto e cantabile*," (B flat major,) and the following "*Andante moderato*," (D major,) portray the bliss of mind, that fills the soul in dreams of another world, and freed from all earthly cares, lull us into a heavenly peace. The whole is pervaded by a calm and unspeakable happiness.

When we hear the tempestuous dissonant "tutti" of the last movement for the first time, we recoil and think Beethoven possessed by madness. But again, how everything appears in a different light, when we consider it as connected with the idea of the composer. Grief and sorrow had already been conquered in the joyous Scherzo and happy Adagio. Now the newly armed enemy rises once more and ventures with all his crushing power a last assault. "Whither shall I fly before thee, thou hellish demon, that forever chasest me with flashing sword from out my paradise? Where shall I again find my happiness? Here those threatening, torturing fifths pursue me; there the motley and whirling crowd confronts me! But see! they vanish! it was a mere delusion! Hark! what soothing sounds! Is that the longed-for joy? No! it is not. An empty sound deceives the ear.

But now the grand and lofty recitative of the basses (in D major,) finally removes these torturing doubts. And now we have come to the passage, when the masterly portraying of longing devotion, enthusiasm and triumphal joy, draws ever closer circles around our souls until the inmost recesses of our hearts are filled with ecstasy.

It was certainly a happy thought of Beethoven, to connect Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" with the Choral, "*Rejoice greatly, O my soul*," of which we are reminded in the last continuing principal themes. First the basses play it through twenty-four measures alone, then the violoncellos and violas have the melody, the bassoons then join. Again the twenty-four measures, and now the whole orchestra comes in, taking it once more

through twenty-four measures, thus rising higher and higher, till all our being seems carried away by triumphant joy.

Now again, a few more strange and gloomy passages, but suddenly a voice resounds singing:

"Friends, no more these mournful sounds,"

upon which Schiller's great "Hymn to Joy" follows.

The closing movement is the crowning glory of all, and is unsurpassed in loftiness and grandeur of conception. The soul revels in a sea of joys—it is as though Beethoven, before his departure from this world, had poured out all his deepest and most divine feelings, until the whole ends in triumphant and all-conquering bliss. One idea reigns throughout the whole of this towering work. Everywhere we behold that singular and original God of the muses, the God of smiles and tears. Let us bow in adoration before the master genius who bequeathed to us this divine symphony, this work of tears and raptures, of darkness and light, of hellish torture and heavenly bliss.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review, for Jan. 1845.

Music in Germany and Belgium.

(Continued.)

The art of Orpheus on the violin seems to have been little cultivated since the death of Paganini, which is in some respects an advantage to good taste—though Ole Bull still cleaves to the money-making of the craft, and entertains with *diablerie*, which is equally well rewarded by the public and the connoisseurs, and brings coin on the one hand and disdain on the other. Less profitable than the pianoforte, the violin has happily in its train fewer charlatans, and the removal of pecuniary temptation to the abuse of their powers, renders its professors the most absolute votaries of the art. The German school, renowned for its technical solidity, from the days of Fraenzl to Spohr, and the reputation of which is still so well supported by Molique, David, &c., is at present considerably influenced by the admirable artists from time to time turned out of the Conservatorio of Brussels, and who as naturally migrate to Germany as the young water-fowl moves by instinct to the pool. De Beriot, partly, if not wholly, withdrawn from public life, has devoted his leisure with the greatest advantage to the prosperity of this institution. He has enlarged by twelve his stock of concertos, and imbued his young countrymen and pupils with the chivalrous style, and the fine qualities of tone and intonation, and with the elegance and variety of bowing, for which he has long been conspicuous. This Belgian infusion has ameliorated the purely German system of the violin, whose solidity tended to heaviness; it has added originality and lightness to the *coups d'archet*, and in some measure assimilated the salient features of the various continental schools. A violin player, properly so called, will now hardly be discovered by his play to belong to any one nation in particular—the French are solid and scientific, the Germans light and elegant, the Belgians both; in fact, a long peace has so diffused intercourse, and encouraged community of studies and feelings, that strong features of nationality are disappearing from groups and masses, and are detected now chiefly in the peculiarities of individual artists. One distinction most truly earned by Germany regards the technical part of musical education. It has multiplied the finest artists, by watching genius in the bud of infancy, bestowing on it the most philosophical culture, and gathering its fruits only when mature. The youthful perfection which has been manifested on the violin of late years has been truly surprising; if, indeed, anything can be rightly so admitted, where *work* has been gained from ingenious, happily constituted children, and each step of it directed by consummate experience. What is to accrue from the manhood of such a boy as Joseph Joachim, who, at the age of fourteen, performed during our last London musical season such pieces as Beethoven's Concerto, Mendelssohn's *Otetto*, Beethoven's Sonata, dedicated to

Kreutzer, &c. &c., all of them requiring finished style and great powers of physical endurance, it may be for some future amateur to discover. The whole relation would seem fabulous, were it not told of a boy wonderfully endowed, both intellectually and corporeally. That this early development of the musical nature is, however, a work that incurs risk, and should be prosecuted with caution, we have lately had a melancholy instance in the death of one of the Eichorns, at the age of twenty-two—formerly in the tenderest infancy a *Wunderkind*, and then, with his little brother, astonishing Spohr and other good judges of the difficulties of the violin with feats that were deemed prodigious. Such is too often the fate of talent—it ripens into the great artist, or becomes an early sacrifice to death.

Pre-eminence on the violoncello belongs also to Belgian art; and the modern concerto style of that instrument, in which the whole finger-board is traversed, and the strings crossed up to the bridge, with a great display of flexible bowing, and variety of *coups d'archet*, assimilates the mechanism and manipulation to those of the violin, while thus its successful cultivation depends as much on muscular power and endurance as on musical requisites. The violoncello, played as it is now played in continental concert-rooms, is a truly formidable instrument—it now attacks all the difficulties of the violin; the rapid and brilliant allegro, with its double notes and octave passages—the vocal adagio, with its modifications and fine inflections of tone, the piquant rondo, with its playful and eccentric phrases,—are all given by it in turn, and at the end admiration is often divided between the address and taste of the player and his immense physical power. A finished specimen of endurance and mastery combined was lately given by Demunck, a young man, professor of the violoncello in the Conservatorio of Brussels, by performing at one of the concerts of that institution, an arrangement of De Beriot's Violin Concerto in B minor, a feat that excited general astonishment among all who were able to judge practically of its arduous character. But the first man of the day in the new art of handling the violoncello, an art which has made it even transcend the violin in the variety of its effects, is undoubtedly the Belgian violoncellist, Servais. He takes this position naturally and unopposed, having now added to that fine practical skill, which was so justly admired in England, a solid reputation as a composer for his instrument. Servais, and his young countryman, Vieuxtemps, the violin player, do great honor to the music of Belgium; their progress in Germany has been rendered doubly successful by excellent compositions as well as performances, their names have become classical, and half the young aspirants to instrumental celebrity on the continent hope to make a more auspicious commencement by producing themselves in one of their pieces.

The interest felt by the Germans in the cultivation of stringed instruments is not confined solely to grand displays of mechanism and of difficulty successfully combated; but is distributed between concert-room music and the quartet style, which is still the delight of the most polished musical society. The classics of this art, as established by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, do not satisfy the ardor of the day for new pleasures, nor quell the rising ambition of young artists—quartet composition is, therefore, a strong feature of the chivalry of modern music; it is a constant form of publication, exhibits a variety of pens and as varied success, with one object unchangeably in view—reputation. The art can never, we suspect, fall into any great danger of total neglect and decay while this abstract motive is well supported. Robert Schumann of Leipzig has gained great applause by his *début* as quartet composer, and from one quarter or another, out of the numerous attempts made, some in the old and symmetrical form of Haydn, some in the fantastic style of Beethoven, or in the piquant and effective manner of Onslow, a fair contribution of interesting novelties is gathered, and in a mode of writing which the greatest

musical wits have confessed to be difficult. Mozart, in the preface to his six quartets, dedicated to Haydn, speaks expressly of the "labor and pains" which their composition had cost him. But, whatever may be the relative merit of new quartet composition, the charm of that social style of performance is certainly carried to its height in Germany at the present day. Sometimes it unites four composers, in which *réunion*, if the composition rendered be really no better than it would be in the hands of merely practical artists, there is something still to flatter the imagination. At other times a family of brothers has been seen to devote themselves entirely to social practice and improvement; custom confirming always as a theory founded on experience, that towards the true beauty of quartet performance there will ever be something more wanting than the presence of four competent players casually brought together. The chamber concerts at Leipzig, during the early part of last year, presented a great attraction in Mendelssohn's "*Otetto*," led by David, with the parts of first and second tenor sustained by the composer and Neils W. Gade, of rising orchestral celebrity. We may be sure that the violas on this occasion were not the least listened to, and it will be a new gratification to the admirers of the genial Mendelssohn to know that he can become the heart of the social musical circle in this humble capacity.

[To be continued.]

Fac-simile of Haydn's Visiting Card.

After the completion of 'The Seasons,' Haydn wrote nothing but three quartets, the last of which ends in so abrupt a manner, as if a sudden spasm of the heart had forever terminated the intermitting flow of thought.

From the year 1802, he never quitted his villa at Gumpendorff, near Vienna.

Whenever he wished to remind a friend that he was still "in the land of the living," he sent him his visiting card, upon which was engraved the closing passage of his last quartet, and of which the following is a fac-simile (as near as types can make it):—



Joseph Haydn.

The music stops short at the middle of the phrase, without reaching the cadence, and thus most graphically expresses the languid state of the author's health:—

All my strength has left me now,
Old and weak am I.

MUSIC IN MISSISSIPPI.—A lady writes from this distant State to the *New York Musical World and Times*: "It is distressing to think, that in a rich and beautiful country like this, there is not the least cultivated taste for music—nothing beyond strumming a waltz or polka on the piano, or singing a negro melody. The household establishments are superior, equipages fine, and there are numbers of pianos of the best finish. But, beyond this nothing can be said. It is a perfect *Bæotia* as regards the musical art. Now, sirs, were it not I fear to trespass upon your time, I would show you that the fault is not with the people here; they desire the best education in every respect, for their children, and are willing to spend, and have spent freely for that purpose. You, at the North, are mainly responsible for this evil. Numberless young persons from these re-

gions are educated with yours, and such teachers as we have, come from the Northern States always well recommended. Yet, in sixteen years' residence, in the interior of the South, I have never seen a tolerably taught musical scholar return from your schools, with the exception of three or four from a Mrs. Condar's, (that is as near as I can get the name,) in your city. As to the teachers, there was not one in twenty that I could not have instructed to advantage myself; and if there be a *monstrum horrendum* to me on earth, it is a Down-East music teacher; especially the females. Understand, I mean those that inflict themselves upon this country. I know that there are many deserving the highest honors in their own."

Fine Arts.

Massachusetts Academy of Fine Arts.

The first semi-annual Exhibition of Paintings opened at the old Art Union rooms, 37½ Tremont Row, on Monday. We had the pleasure of assisting at a preliminary private view on the Saturday before. It was an hour most pleasantly spent. Pleasant it was to meet so many of our artists there in person, all happy, as it seemed, with good hopes and omens for the new experiment. And well they might congratulate each other, if we may trust at all our own hasty first impressions of the small, but really choice and interesting display upon the walls. We saw more character, more variety and individuality of excellence there, (for the number of specimens) than ever before in such exhibitions of American paintings. And the collection is none the worse, for being, like a certain political party, "conveniently small." A few good pictures are far more refreshing to the eye and soul, than those wildernesses of painted canvass, through which one wanders, confused and fatigued, to search out here and there one picture that repays examination. There were just seventy-five pieces in the catalogue.

Of course we shall not presume, after an hour's casual glances, to criticise, or pronounce any one or two the best among the whole; for it is quite possible that some of the best escaped us altogether. But we may safely say, that the "White Mountain" scenery by Kensett, of New York, is a picture of itself enough to make an exhibition. It is one of the best productions of that admirable artist, and one of the highest achievements thus far of American landscape painting. There is an unostentatious truth and depth about it; it gives you the *feeling* of the scene, with all its solemn beauty. The mountains in the background with their vast sweep, still and earnest, the forest stretching from the foreground far back, and the quiet subordination of every detail swallowed up and blended in aerial distance, so wide, so wild, that looking we could almost hear crows caw;—all made us feel our mountain mood growing upon us again as when we were there last autumn. It is a noble, an ideally faithful, a masterly landscape. Our own Champney's studies of nature in the same grand region are also represented in several pictures, which charm, and with a charm that wears well, by their fidelity to nature, their fine sense of natural beauty, their fresh, quiet, *naïve* & healthful style.

There are capital landscapes, too, by Casilear, a New York artist; a life-like picture of "Egg-rock," and the peculiar charms of sea and shore at Nahant, by C. P. Cranch. H. G. Wild has some studies remarkable for luxurious warmth of coloring, and a keen feeling of what is characteristic in scenes and persons. One is a glowing evening twilight, another a barn-yard sketch, another a happy illustration of Gil Blas presented to the actress. Cropsey of New York must send us a better specimen of the landscape talent, for which he is justly distinguished.

There are some excellent portraits, especially No. 66, by C. L. Elliot, one of the best we have seen for a long time. The copy from Rembrandt, of a solid, venerable, Jewish head, by Hoit, is grand and marvellously like an original. The crayon portrait of a child is one of the most exquisite productions of Cheney's masterly pencil; and there are several fine ones by Charles Martin. William Willard's fine, bold, full length portrait of Jenny Lind is there too; and there are several of Ames's best. Harding's Allston lends a fine pervading presence, as of a tutelary genius, to the room; but his Webster is a preternatural and painful exaggeration. There is a sweet head of a child, by Alexander.

One of the most striking and elaborate works is an allegorical painting, by Rothermel, of Philadelphia: "The Laborer's Vision of the Future." It is a powerful and impressive picture, evincing strong and vivid imagination and great power of designing and grouping; as does all that we have seen by this artist. But it has the faults of all allegorical pictures. There is a decidedly melodramatic tone of coloring about it. The idea embodied is a noble and humanitarian one; it is a vision of kingcraft and priestcraft judged, and honest labor redeemed and glorified; but the treatment, so far as tone and coloring are concerned, is too intense and *red* republican; there is no repose in the whole picture, nor even in the principal figure, that of the Redeemer, nor any of the celestial group; one look and atmosphere of anguish is over all, and no tranquility or smile of triumph anywhere. Yet the picture shows decided power, and is well worth attention.

These are but a few hurried notes. Future visits will afford new texts for perhaps juster observations; for we are no critic in this line.

We rejoice that the suppression of "Art Unions" does not leave our artists without an organization whereby their labors may be fairly represented before a sympathizing public. The Academy plan is better than the Art Union. It is free from the lottery element, and it provides schools for artists. This Massachusetts Academy is organized upon a solid basis, and the names of its officers are a guaranty that the work is commenced in good earnest. We do not, to be sure, much fancy the practice of *honorary* Presidents, &c., from among political dignitaries; Governors and Mayors are not necessarily artists or amateurs. But there is a strong board of Directors, in which a goodly number of our foremost artists figure, and it is they undoubtedly who give the tone and do the work. Besides (we know not whether such an idea was intended or not) we are reconciled to the Honoraries, by the hint implied therein of a most excellent and sound idea: namely that the State ought everywhere to be the nurse and guardian of Art.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 22, 1853.

THE COMING WEEK will be truly an eventful one in the musical world hereabouts. First comes ALBONI and the OPERA, on Monday night. On Thursday is the anniversary of MENDELSSOHN'S BIRTH-DAY, which will be duly honored at the "Quintette Club" concert in the evening, by copious selections from his music. Last and greatest, on Saturday, the "Germanians" are to bring out, for the first time, the sublime "CHORAL SYMPHONY" of BEETHOVEN. This alone should be event enough for one week.

The past week, too, has been distinguished by an event of no little moment. Most of our readers are by this time probably aware that the New Opera House became *un fait accompli*, by virtue of the meeting of subscribers at the Revere House on Wednesday evening. By the report of the Committee it appeared that \$194,000 had been subscribed, leaving only \$6,000 to be

raised. A resolution was then passed authorizing the Committee to purchase the estates of the Melodeon and the Old Riding School, from Washington to Mason streets, every subscriber present answering "yes," to the number of 151, which was more than the two thirds required by the terms of subscription. It was also voted to increase the capital stock to \$250,000. Another season will give to Boston an Opera House superior to any now existing in the Union.

Worthy to be named, too, among the significant events of the week were: 1. The enormous audience at the last "Germania" afternoon rehearsal, amounting by actual count of tickets to *three thousand and fifty-seven* persons, and filling every seat and standing place in the new Music Hall, so that many sought admission in vain. This was only a little more than what we behold every week, and these rehearsal audiences, listening to classic symphonies as well as lighter music, are to be counted an important feature of Boston life.

2. The Benefit Concert of Miss ELISE HENSLER, being the God-speed to another young native vocalist, who sails for Italy on Wednesday to pursue her studies, at the expense of a number of our music-loving citizens. This was to be last evening, too late for notice in to-day's paper.

The Choral Symphony.

This last great musical expression of the aspiring soul of Beethoven, which we are to hear next week, is now seldom performed in Germany without the accompaniment of some printed analysis or programme in the hands of each listener, as a clue to the unity and purport of the music. Many of these have been written, some in the form of romantic fiction, some metaphysical, and some technical. Of the former kind we give a specimen on a preceding page. It is, especially in the first half, rather too intensely sentimental, and somewhat of our own Mrs. Ellet style. Still, in a popular way it indicates the origin and character of the work. Next week we shall give another, more profound, written by the famous Richard Wagner, who parallels the various *motives* of the symphony with texts from Goethe's "Faust."

Until within a few years this last great symphony had been performed here and there but once or twice in Europe. It was always approached with a certain mingling of awe and doubt, as if it either were too great for anybody's comprehension, or the work of genius in its last fit of insanity, as well as physically deaf; but the general conviction after all is that Beethoven knew well what he meant when he composed it, and that into it he has crowded more of himself, and more nearly reached the aim of all his strivings in Art, than in any work before. Certainly it is not a work to be comprehended and fathomed by a single hearing; its strange and most elaborate structure, the stupendous grandeur with which it goes on building itself up, like a wild vast mountain region, its frightful difficulties for performers, and its length, occupying almost an hour and a half, make it desirable to hear it many times.

Let us improve so fine an opportunity as this offered by the "Germanians," who are preparing for it *con amore*, like earnest artists, filled with reverence for the mighty master and martyr of their holy craft. Coming so seldom, perhaps

never again, it demands, and it will certainly repay, an extra stretch of patient and profound attention.

It was composed in 1823, about three years before Beethoven's death; and seems to have been an attempt to crowd the whole expression of himself into one great effort. Its first performance was at that memorable time, when the artists and amateurs of Vienna addressed a memorial to him, lamenting the obscurity in which he had kept himself during the universal deluge of Rossini-ism and the triumph of superficial, showy music over the genuine Art of Germany, and beseeching him to produce his two latest and grandest compositions,—this Symphony and his solemn Mass, at a benefit concert. Beethoven declined reading the paper until he should be alone. "I arrived," says Schindler, "only just as he had finished its perusal. He communicated to me the contents, and after running them over once more, handed the paper quietly to me; then turning towards the window, he remained sometime looking up at the sky. I could not help observing that he was much affected, and, after I had read it, I laid it down without speaking, in the hope that he would first begin the conversation. After a long pause, whilst his eyes never ceased following the clouds, he turned round and said, in a tone which betrayed his emotion: 'It is really gratifying! I am much pleased!'" To Schindler's entreaties that he would accept the proposal, he replied: "Let us get into the open air!" After a great deal of discussion and management, not without innumerable provocations and intrigues on the part of selfish managers, the concert was arranged. Still it was a glorious day for Beethoven and for Art. "The theatre was crowded. The master, standing with his back to the proscenium, was not even sensible of the tumultuous applause of the audience at the close of the Symphony, until Mme. Unger, by turning round and making signs, roused his attention, that he might at least see what was going on in the front of the house. This acted, however, like an electric shock on the thousands present, who were struck with a sudden consciousness of his misfortune; and as the flood-gates of pleasure, compassion, and sympathy were opened, there followed a volcanic explosion of applause which seemed as if it would never end."

And he has left us no key to the interpretation of this music, which visited his soul inwardly, while the outward sense of beauty was entirely closed and deaf, except the constant expression of his music and his life! We have seen somewhere in a German novel, which we cannot lay hands upon again, a suggestion that the whole progress of Humanity and the procession of the ages are represented in this Symphony. Whether there be anything more than fancy in this, we cannot judge. But one thing we know, that it ends with a choral hymn, whose sentiment is the consummation of man's social destiny; and it commences with a strange rustling of barren Fifties, suggestive of no thought but emptiness or chaos. While working out his idea he felt that he had exhausted the orchestral forces, and was for a long time at a loss how to proceed to bring the composition to a worthy close; at last he exclaimed to one of his friends, "I have it!" and produced his tablet on which was written: "Friends, let us sing the immortal Schiller's Hymn to Joy—*Freude, schöner Götterfunken*." The biographies of the great

composer, several of them, contain a strange scrawl in which the words and notes of this were hurriedly sketched.

"The ode 'To Joy' is a jubilee of all mankind, and has the sublimity of the holiest hymn. No thought has poetry in it, if this has not. Imagine a convivial meeting of men *as men*, and all ideals are in a moment realized, and conviviality becomes a holy rite; for on what common ground could men so meet, but on the ground of the essential oneness of all souls, the identity of all men's highest interests and aims. A jubilee of the human race, felt through all hearts as such, would be holy, would be the realization of all religions. This is, if we think of it, the sum of all our human aspirations.

"The boundless yearning, which is the foundation of our being, and which is nothing less than a yearning to embrace the whole, has found its natural language in music. It is an interesting fact, and one which gives us a glimpse into the deepest philosophy of the Arts, that Beethoven, the most spiritual of composers, should have landed, after one of his sublimest adventurous flights on the ocean of sounds, in this song 'To Joy.' The feelings which revelled in pure harmony, grew weary of their very freedom; they would return to the human; they would have an articulate voice; and they found it in this ode of Schiller's. As in outward life his had been a fruitless longing for the peaceful joys of the family circle, so in his art he returns with all the yearnings of memory and love to men; there grows in him a longing for human music, for song, and it leads him to the climax of his creative power. The ninth symphony, with chorus, is written. Here, in the widest reach of his art, he embraces all the results of his life. With giant force he summons around him the giant forces of the fullest and most active orchestra; they must, they are obliged to play around him;—and their deep, murmuring, tempest, and their light, frolic dances, wait his longing onward, till it dissolves into tenderest regret, into melancholy, sweet renunciation. But all this can satisfy no longer. The harmonies drop away; and the instruments themselves (in the style of recitative) pass into the manner of the human voice. Yet again do all these forms float dream-like over us, when human voices take up the recitative, and lead it into Schiller's song 'To Joy'—a union-song of all mankind. Nothing can be more moving, nothing lets us look so deeply into his breast, as when first the Basses, then the singers, join so simply, so like a people's chorus in the words 'Joy, thou brightest, heaven-lit spark,' and surrender themselves to the soft love and longing, which seeks but men, only men—requires only communion with men, and knows and will know nothing higher."

Concerts of the Past Week.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The last evening (Jan. 20th.) lingers sweetly in our memory, even amid all the musical crowds and excitements of the week; and chiefly by the potent spell of the opening and concluding pieces. That heavenly Quartet, No. 4, of Mozart, was repeated only to make each appreciating hearer more in love with it. How truly the writer, whom we before quoted, characterized the theme of the Andante: "An impalpable theme, swimming in the harmony and pervading it everywhere, like a melodic fluid!"

Mendelssohn's posthumous Quintet, (op. 87, in B flat) was remarkably well played, and by the vigor of its *Allegro Vivace*, the sad, wild ballad-like spirit of its *Andante Scherzando*, and indeed the characteristic beauties, rising at times to grandeur, of the whole, made a deep impression. Of all that intervened between this fine beginning and conclusion—enough in themselves for a concert—we care not to recall much, except the confirmed favorable impression of that sincere and modest young artist, Mr. TRENKLE, who did justice to the piano-forte in a rather light and common-place Trio by Hummel. Sig. GUIDI's song

from *Martha*, and *Don Pasquale* "Serenade," were hardly here in place.

OTTO DRESEL fulfilled the letter and the spirit of his third programme, on Monday evening. At these choice little, genial occasions, we can fancy ourselves present at the tempting feasts of Chamber music that we read of in England, in which Charles Halle is the presiding genius. Mr. Dresel is a pianist somewhat after the same order, and his programmes are improvements, if anything, upon the same models.

Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" was finely played by DRESEL and SCHULTZE; the sweet-toned, true, expressive violin of the latter only needing a little more fire and less fear of occupying the foreground. Some of those delicate and dainty variations to the Andante required just the nerve and touch of Dresel. The string of little characteristic piano pieces, by Schumann (nine from the "Scenes from Childhood" and one from the "Album") formed a delightful novelty; they were a sort of musical essence extracted from the little interesting every-day occurrences of our childhood. Some thoughtless whispering somewhere in the remoter portion of the audience disturbed the charm a little. The C minor Fugue of Bach, the Berceuse of Chopin, and the Scherzo (in F sharp minor) of Mendelssohn, were each most admirable in their kind. Mendelssohn's Second Trio was played *con amore* and effectively by DRESEL, SCHULTZE and BERGMANN, making an impressive conclusion of a most rare evening.

Not the least part of its rarities were the songs by Miss LEHMANN. That "Ave Maria" by Robert Franz, is the most precious acquisition made to the Song-Album of our memory for a long time. It is a real Ave Maria,—not a strain of romance, with common *arpeggio* accompaniment, like Schubert's, but a deep, religious composition, reminding one of old Italian masters, and yet original. The impression of it lived through the whole, and it was re-demanded at the end. The singer was in fine voice and threw her soul into it, as well as into Schubert's *Trockne Blumen*, with which she answered the encore. Another deep and noble song of Schubert's: *Rauschender Wald*, &c., seemed hardly appreciated by the company. But Schumann's airy, delicate little strain: *Es grünet ein Nussbaum*, was enough to betray the most hardened misanthrope into a smiling reverie of blissful love.

THE FIFTH GERMANIA CONCERT, we have barely room to say, was as crowded and successful as ever. Spohr's descriptive Symphony, the "Consecration of Tones," came out one entire, clear, warm picture, in the admirable rendering of the orchestra. The Overture to "Rosamunda" was common-place enough to have come from a commoner man than Schubert. The Polonaise from *Struensee* was in the *ultra* straining-for-effect style of Meyerbeer, though the melody itself was vigorous and pleasing; the Polonaise form being in itself one of the eternal types of beauty. The finale from *Tannhäuser* still charmed by rich instrumentation and flowing melody, more than it informed us of Wagner, whose music, by his own theory, is nothing if it be not word-wedded.

JAELL played the Concerto of Chopin with delicacy and clearness; and little CAMILLA discoursed like an earnest artist upon the theme from Beethoven with De Beriot's variations, and bore her part successfully with Jaell in the duet from "Tell." Miss HENSLEY made by far the best impression yet, by her excellent selection of the air from "Don Pasquale." It suited the best tones of her voice, which all who hear admire, and which, ripened and informed under the best influences of Italy and Germany will one day, we doubt not, redeem fairest promise.

Now is the time to furnish yourselves with Davidson's *Illustrated Opera Books*. G. P. Reed & Co., 17 Tremont Row, have them. They are vastly superior to the common librettos, for which we have often had to pay high prices. Each contains, in cheap but elegant form, not only the words (Italian and English) of the opera, but the musical notes of the principal melodies. Davidson's series already includes all the operas in which ALBONI sings, and in fact about all those now in vogue.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

Mme. ALBONI opens at the Howard, on Monday night, in *Cenerentola*, one of her very finest parts. The "Germanians" will be in the orchestra.

Miss ELISE HENSLEY is to sail for Europe by next Wednesday's steamer. All success attend her!

The MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY offer an admirable selection for to-night. A symphony by Mozart will be particularly refreshing after so many Titanic strivings of Beethoven and Schubert and Schumann as we have been lately witnessing. The overtures are noble ones, and the voice of Signora ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS will renew pleasant memories.

MR. FRY'S LECTURES. Our readers are reminded that the subscription list will positively close on Tuesday next; and that our chance of hearing the lectures this season depends on the obtaining of a sufficient number of subscribers by that time.

The New Hall over Williams Market, corner of Washington and Dover streets, now nearly finished, is described as very elegant, convenient, constructed for acoustic effect, and large enough to seat over 1600 persons. It has a noble organ, built by Simmons & Co., which we shall describe hereafter. It will soon be inaugurated with the oratorio of "Saul," now rehearsing by a new chorus society, under MR. HAYTER, aided by the Musical Fund orchestra.

In the spring the Tremont Temple Hall also will be finished, with seats for at least 2200; and thus there will have been added to Boston, within the present year, three elegant first-class music halls.

The QUINTETTE CLUB offer a plentiful and choice selection of MENDELSSOHN'S music, in honor of his birth-day, for next Thursday evening. See announcement.

England.

LONDON. The *Athenaeum* thus speaks of "the manner in which Music is pushing out shoots in every corner of this vast metropolis":

"The advertising columns of the *Times* that announce the finishing of St. Martin's Hall and the preparation of the New Philharmonic Hall under the auspices of Sir Charles Fox, advertise also 'New Music Rooms' in Euston Square, and a new 'Victoria Vocal and Instrumental Society' in formation towards Chelsea. The Panopticon in Leicester Square is in the hands of the decorators; and from the preparations for the new organ that are in progress there, it appears as if gigantic 'demonstrations' are contemplated,—since from the arrangement of the manuals it is obvious that three players are to be employed simultaneously. As for the 'Amateur Choral Meetings,' 'Club Concerts,' 'Lectures on Church Music,' 'Ballad Entertainments,' &c., advertised, to keep pace with them is obviously not possible. It must suffice us to remind 'priests and people' that never has there been in England a time so propitious for the furtherance of sound musical objects as the time present,—while we point out that never was success more impossible to high profession without perfect performance.

"We hear from entirely opposite sides of the musical world, of two English ladies entering the field as *contralto* singers, with more than the ordinary chances of success. One is Miss Felton, who sang the other evening in 'Elijah' when it was given by the *London Sacred Harmonic Society*. The other is Miss Huddart, who is familiar to London playgoers as a well-esteemed actress. Her past studies of verbal declamation may be turned to good account should she decide on becoming a singer. The charge of coldness brought against English vocalists, in nine cases out of ten, arises merely from habits formed in early youth,—which connect the idea of "conspicuousness" and immodesty with emphasis in utterance. Let the *sotto voce* tone of English social intercourse be ever so agreeable to persons of sensitive nerves,—observers must be satisfied that it has cost the world many an impressive and interesting artist.

"Another new English Oratorio, MR. W. Glover's 'Emmanuel,' is advertised as about to be performed by the Cecilian Society in the course of the season.

Paris.

OPERA COMIQUE. A renal success is reported of *Marco Spada*, the new opera by MM. Scribe and Auber. The music is said to be "good, vigorous and interesting," including a romance from the defunct *Corbelle d'Oranges* (which opera also was hailed in its time as thoroughly successful). Mlle. Duprez was the heroine, and pleased as much as the *Athenaeum* foretold that she would. A private letter speaks of her as "a brilliant, graceful, distinguished singer—but delicate;" whereupon the *Athenaeum*

adds: "We hope that this delicacy will be judiciously watched over; and that no overwork may add the young lady to the too long list of modern singers who have a short life and a merry one!"

THEATRE LYRIQUE. *Tubarin*, an opera written by M. Alboize and composed by M. Georges Bousquet, draws full houses. The music is said to have the charms of gaiety, facility and melody.

Verdi's *Luisa Miller* has been given at the *Italiens* four times with undiminished success. CRUVELLI enchains her audience nightly. Mlle. Vera was well received as Adina in the *Elisir d'Amore*. Belletti and Calzolari are both praised in Belcore and Nemorino.

There is a quartett party at present to be heard in Paris, consisting of MM. Maurin, Sabatier, Mas, and Chevillard, who perform Beethoven's Posthumous Quartets most excellently. These difficult and deep compositions have been as thoroughly read as they are thoroughly rendered by the gentlemen named,—and without that super-precision and over-solicitous coquetry of accent which impair the hearer's pleasure in most French execution of German music.

A new MS. violin *Concerto* by Vieuxtemps, and introduced at his first concert, has created a real sensation.

MARSEILLES. The re-opening of the *Cercle Lyrique* has lately taken place. Rossini did not decline the proffer of honorary president. In a letter to the directors of this Musical Athenaeum, as spiritual as complimentary, he accepted the presidency with profound thanks. The banquet-hall presented a *coup d'œil* truly magical, and the greatest hilarity and the most amicable feeling reigned throughout the entire repast. At the dessert, M. Boze, President of the Office, gave a series of toasts. But that which carried the most extravagant applause, was the health of Rossini, which M. Boze delivered as follows:—"Gentlemen, I have the honor to propose the greatest musical name of modern times—to the immortal author of the *Barbiere* and *Mozart*—to that sublime genius which has been able to realize, with the same felicity, passions the most dramatic, and characters the most comic—to the sire of thirty *chefs d'œuvre*, who, of his own accord, snatched himself from his laurels in the midst of his glory, and whose regretful silence has created a void so deeply felt on our lyric scenes—to our honorary president, to Rossini!—a name endeared to all lovers of art—a name popular in all corners of the globe, and which will transmit itself from age to age, ever young and fraternally united with the mighty name of Mozart."

Madame Lafon has achieved an immense success in *Norma*. All *Marseilles* is in raptures with her. Madame Charton, too, has been lauded infinitely in *Adalgisa*. Ernst has arrived, and will soon give a concert.

Germany.

DRESDEN.—The celebrated flutist, FURSTENAU, well known of amateurs even in Boston, has just died at the age of 89. He accompanied Weber to England.

COLOGNE.—At the Society's Concerts, M. Ferdinand Hiller conducted Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. He has since left for Paris.

GRAFENBERG.—Leopold De Meyer is said to be dangerously ill at the water-cure establishment of the late Priesnitz.

BERLIN.—The anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth (Feb. 3d) will be celebrated with great pomp in the garrison church, where he was organist. The programme will consist of two hymns of the great master and his oratorio of "St. Paul," executed by 400 musicians and amateurs.

Mlle. Joanna Wagner is said to have injured her voice here, by singing above her register.

BRUSSELS.—The music of Meyerbeer's *Struensee* was played lately at the concert of the Conservatoire, under the direction of M. Fétis, with great success.

The Paris fashion of the *cafés chantants* have been so successful here as to injure the theatres. Not only light romances and gay songs are heard, amid the euphony of clinking glasses, cups and saucers; but Rossini's *Stabat Mater* has been given at one of these *cafés*. Another announces the engagement of the late prima donna of the great theatre, Mme. Casimir.

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5. The "Ladies' Room" is exclusively for female visitors to the Hall, as a cloak-room, dressing-room, &c., and gentlemen are not permitted to enter this room at any time.
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